The ſecond part of Henry the
continuing to his death, and
nation of Henry the
fift.

Enter Rumour painted full of Tongue

Open your eares; for which of you w
The vent of hearing, when lowd R
I from the Orient to the drooping
(Making the wind my poſte-horſ
The acts commenced on this ball
Vpon my tongues continuall ſlanders ride,
The which in euery language I pronounce,
Stuffing the eares of men with falſe reports,
I ſpeake of peace while couert enmity,
Vnder the ſmile of ſafety, wounds the world:
And who but Rumor, who but only I,
Make fearefull muſters, and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome othe
Is thought with child by the ſterne tyrant Warr
And no ſuch matter. Rumour is a pipe,
Blowne by ſurmizes, Iealouſies coniectures,
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant wau'ring multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what need I thus
(My wel knowne body) to anothomize
Among my houſhold? why is Rumor here?